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THE NEW MUTANTS



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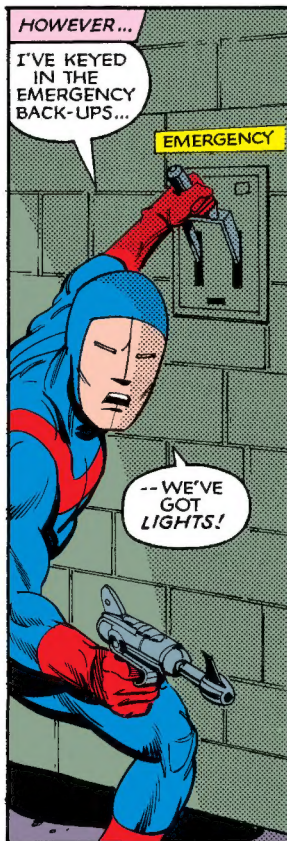
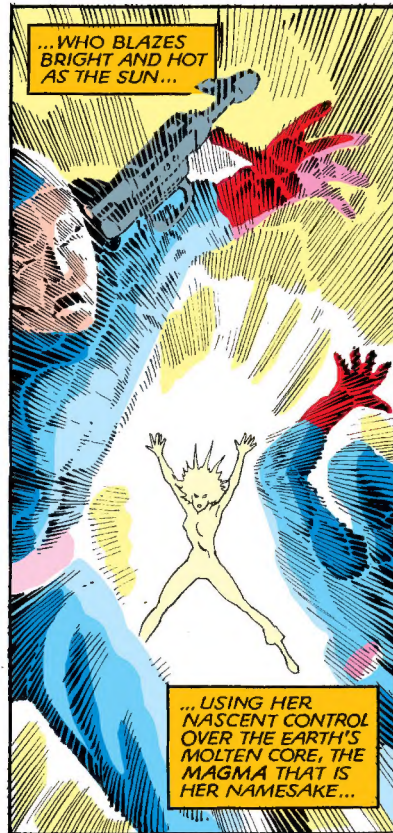
NEW
MUTANTS
STARS

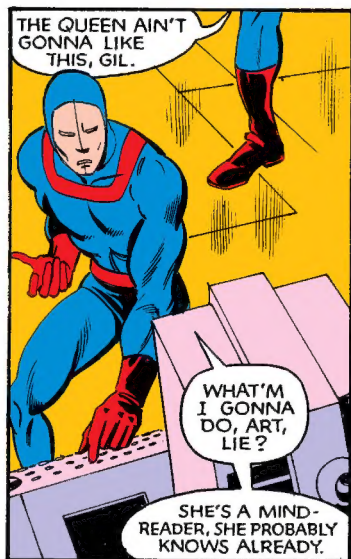
CREATED BY CHRIS CLAREMONT & BOB McLEOD

AWAY GAME!



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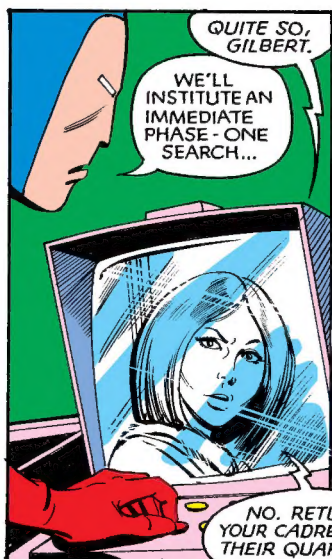




THE QUEEN AIN'T GONNA LIKE THIS, GIL.

WHAT'M I GONNA DO, ART, LIE?

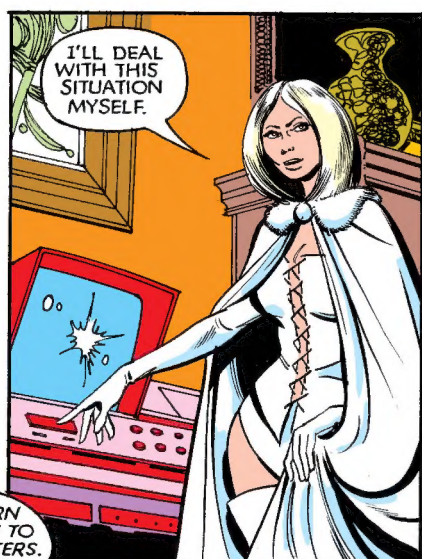
SHE'S A MIND-READER, SHE PROBABLY KNOWS ALREADY.



QUITE SO, GILBERT.

WE'LL INSTITUTE AN IMMEDIATE PHASE - ONE SEARCH...

NO. RETURN YOUR CADRES TO THEIR QUARTERS.

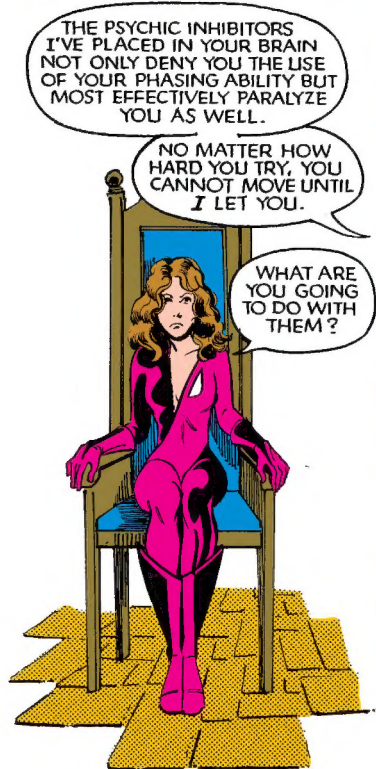


I'LL DEAL WITH THIS SITUATION MYSELF.



FASCINATING -- THE GROUP'S GAINED SOME FORMIDABLE NEW MEMBERS SINCE YOUR MENTOR, CHARLES XAVIER, FIRST GATHERED THEM.

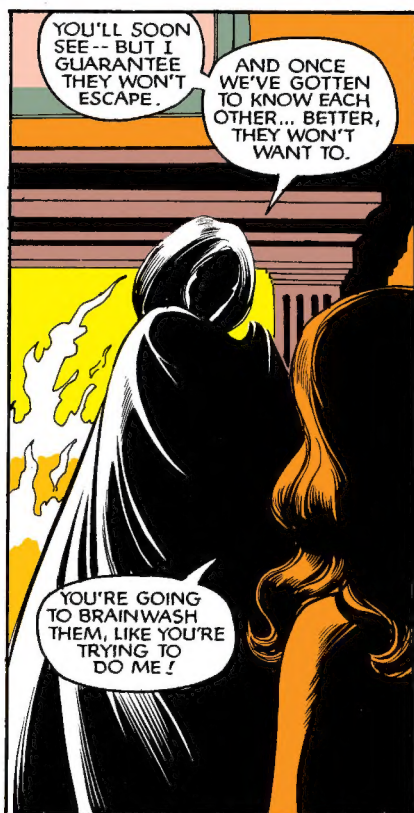
MISS PRYDE, STOP STRUGGLING.



THE PSYCHIC INHIBITORS I'VE PLACED IN YOUR BRAIN NOT ONLY DENY YOU THE USE OF YOUR PHASING ABILITY BUT MOST EFFECTIVELY PARALYZE YOU AS WELL.

NO MATTER HOW HARD YOU TRY, YOU CANNOT MOVE UNTIL I LET YOU.

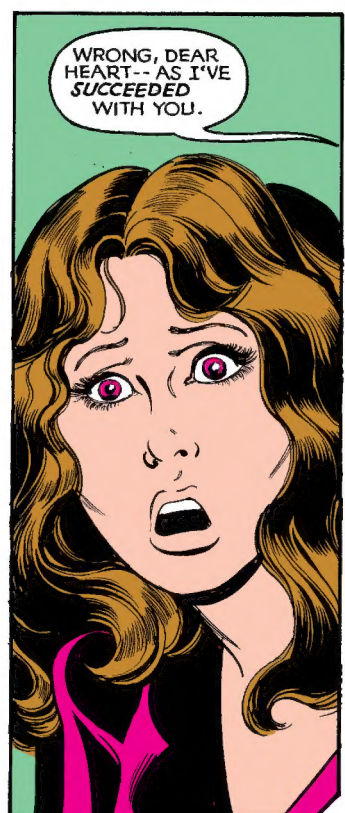
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH THEM?



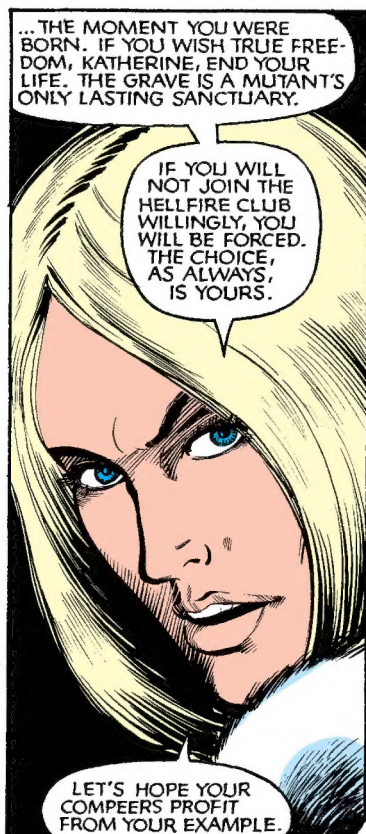
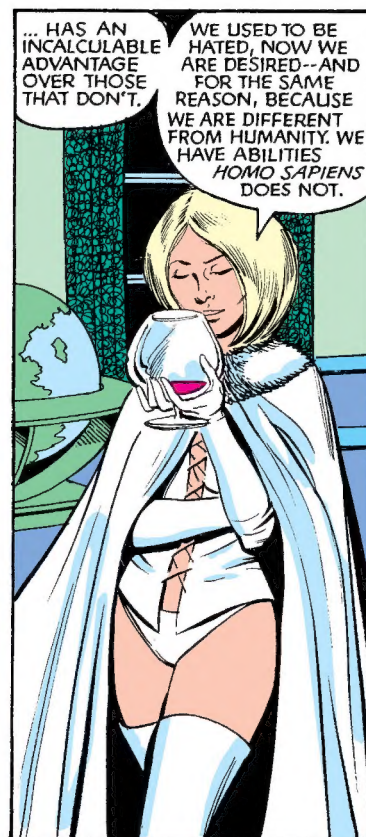
YOU'LL SOON SEE -- BUT I GUARANTEE THEY WON'T ESCAPE.

AND ONCE WE'VE GOTTEN TO KNOW EACH OTHER... BETTER, THEY WON'T WANT TO.

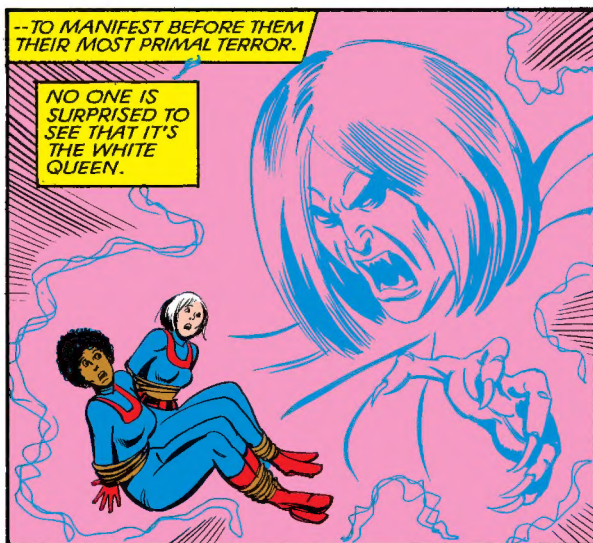
YOU'RE GOING TO BRAINWASH THEM, LIKE YOU'RE TRYING TO DO ME!



WRONG, DEAR HEART -- AS I'VE *SUCCEEDED* WITH YOU.







IF YOU WANT TO TALK LATER, ABOUT WHAT'S TROUBLING YOU...

I CAN HANDLE IT ALL RIGHT, ILLYANA, THANKS.

WHY AM I ALWAYS HURTING PEOPLE? CAN'T I FIND A WAY TO USE MY ACCURSED POWER TO *HELP*, LIKE I DID MONTHS AGO WITH PETER BRISTOW?*

*NM #4--L.

MINUTES LATER...

EACH TIME DANI USES HER POWER, IT RIPS HER UP WORSE 'N' WORSE INSIDE. EVEN IF SHE TURNED TO US, WE WOULDN'T KNOW WHAT T' DO. IT'S OUT'VE OUR LEAGUE--

--JUST LIKE THIS CAPER. DARN IT, PROFESSOR, WHERE ARE YOU WHEN WE NEED YOU MOST?!

GOOD LUCK TO Y'ALL!

AND TO YOU, SAM!

AH GAGGED THE LADIES. ONLY THEIR THOUGHTS'LL GIVE US AWAY.

THEN I'LL BLAZE OUR PATHWAY OUT OF HERE, SAM.

MAGMA BLAZES AS HOT AS THE PLANET'S MOLTEN CORE--

--TAKING CARE NOT TO BURN HER FRIEND-- AS HER LAVA BLASTS CUT THROUGH THE FLOOR TO THE GROUND BELOW.

WOW!

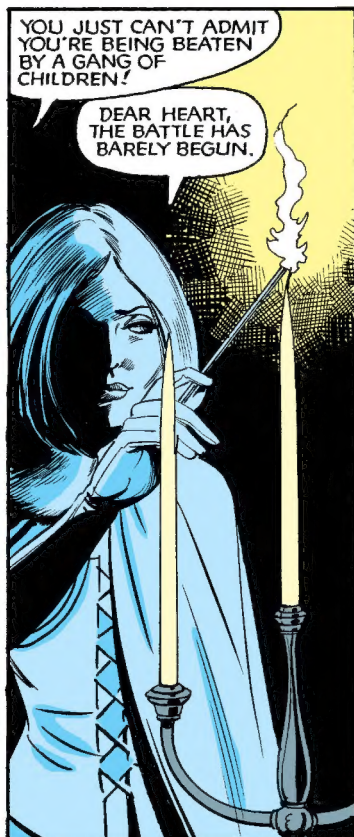
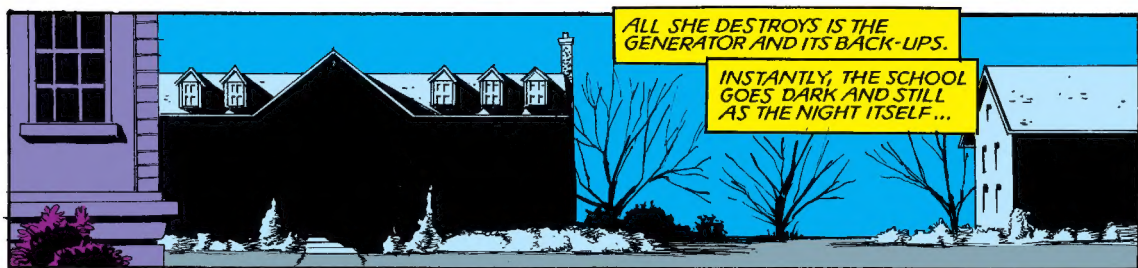
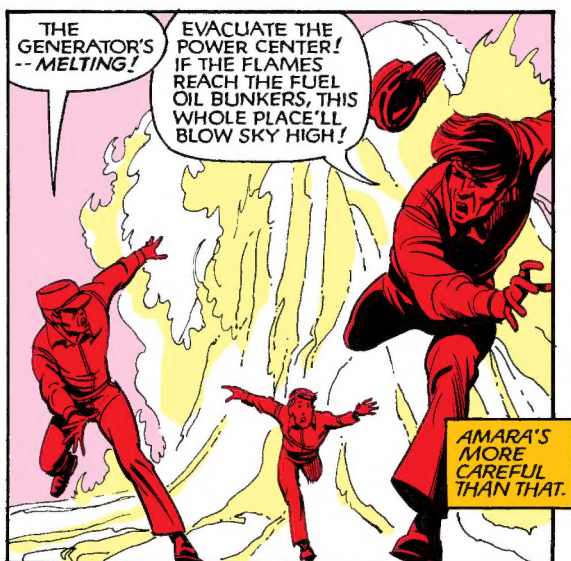
WHAT'S SHE GONNA BE LIKE WHEN SHE REALLY LEARNS HOW T' USE HER POWERS?! AN', T' THINK, AH TRIED T' IMPRESS HER WITH MY ABILITY T' FLY.

MY COSTUME'S INSULATED-- BUT IS THAT GONNA BE ENOUGH TO PROTECT ME FROM THAT MELTED ROCK?!

SONUVAGLIN, IT'S COOL T' THE TOUCH!

THAT GIRL'S A MARVEL!

SHORTLY, IN A GENERATOR ROOM THAT SUPPLIES ELECTRICITY TO BOTH THE HELLFIRE COMPLEX AND THE MASSACHUSETTS ACADEMY ABOVE IT...



DESPITE THE LATE HOUR, STUDENTS ARE AWAKE-- SOME WORKING, SOME NOT-- AND WHEN THE LIGHTS FAIL, THEY QUICKLY ROUSE THE CAMPUS.

WHAT'S GOING ON?!

I CAN SEE THE TOWN, THERE'S POWER IN THE VALLEY!

IT'S FREEZING. HOW'RE WE SUPPOSED TO STAY WARM?

I GOTTA SUGGESTION.

ME, TOO.

MY PLACE OR YOURS?

SLAP!

ATTENTION, PLEASE! AS YOU MAY HAVE NOTICED, THERE'S BEEN A SLIGHT ACCIDENT.

NO FOOLIN', JERRY?

STAY CALM. SECURITY'LL BE DISTRIBUTING LANTERNS AND FLASHLIGHTS. GO BACK TO YOUR DORMS, GET DRESSED, STAND BY FOR FURTHER ANNOUNCEMENTS.

HEY, JER-- ANY IDEA HOW LONG THIS'LL LAST?

YOU'LL KNOW WHEN I DO, RUSSO-- C'MON, PEOPLE, GET INSIDE BEFORE YOU CATCH COLD.

STAY WITH THE CROWD, AMARA-- WE'LL BLEND RIGHT IN.

ANYONE ASKS ABOUT OUR COSTUMES, THEY'RE DESIGNER SKI SUITS. DOUG'S ROOM IS DOWN THIS PATH.

HEY, 'MARA, YOU DID REAL GOOD, THE PROF'D BE PROUD OF YOU.

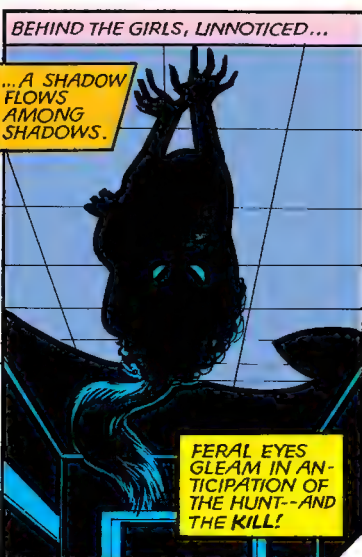
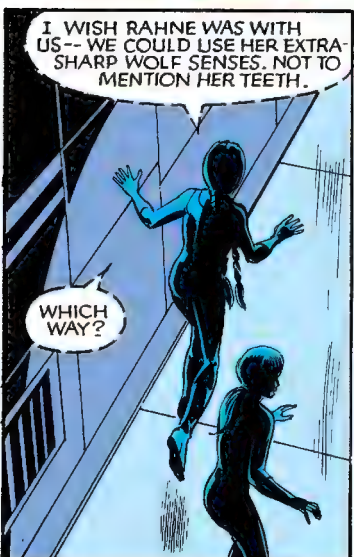
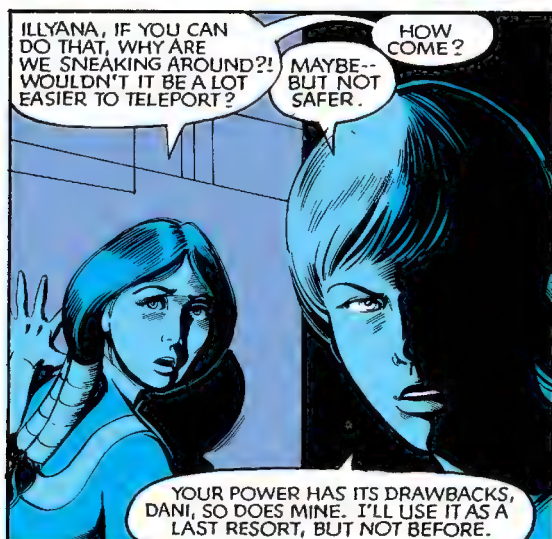
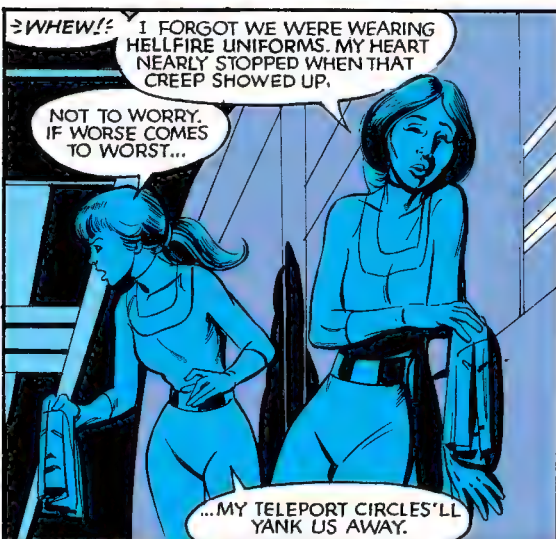
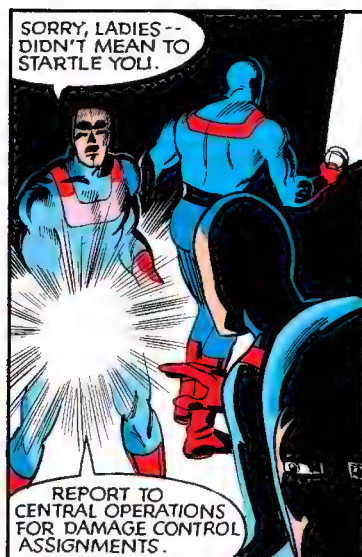
SAVE THE COMPLIMENTS, MY FRIEND, UNTIL WE ARE SAFELY HOME. WE'VE A LONG WAY YET TO GO.

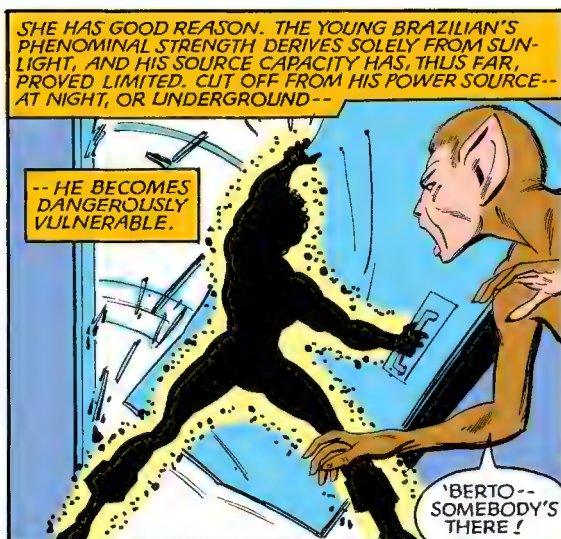
"THIS IS JETSTREAM, ON TACTICAL FREQUENCY, I'M OVER THE MAIN QUAD."

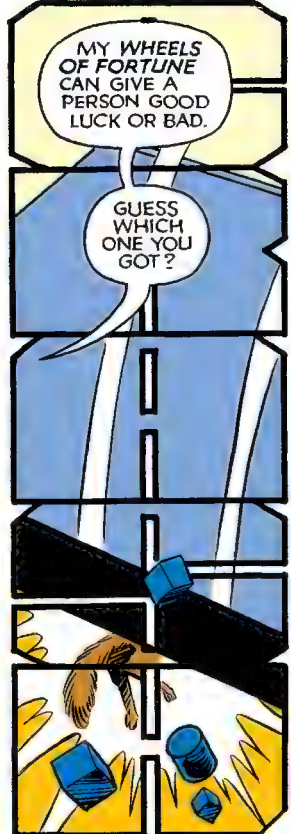
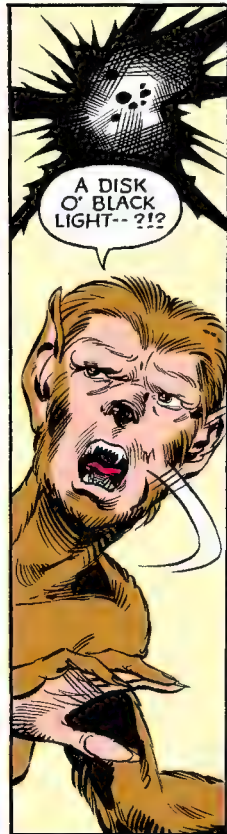
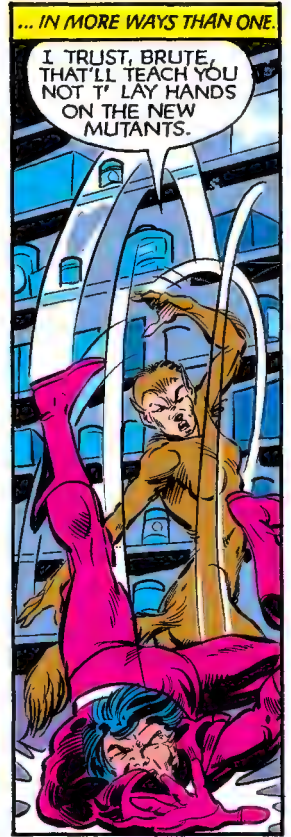
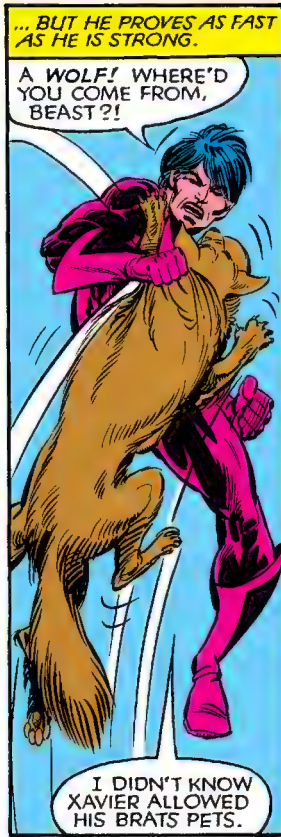
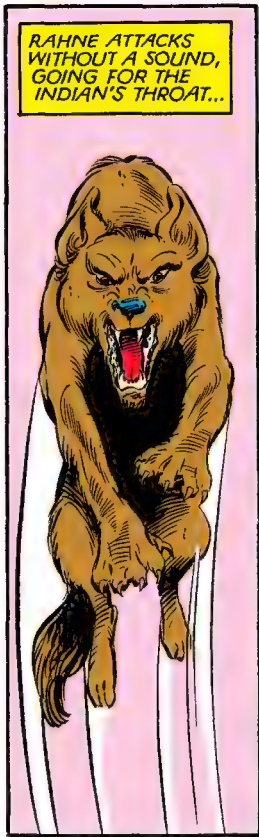
"SHIFTING TO COMPU-SCAN-- I HAVE SOMETHING! SOLID CONTACT!"

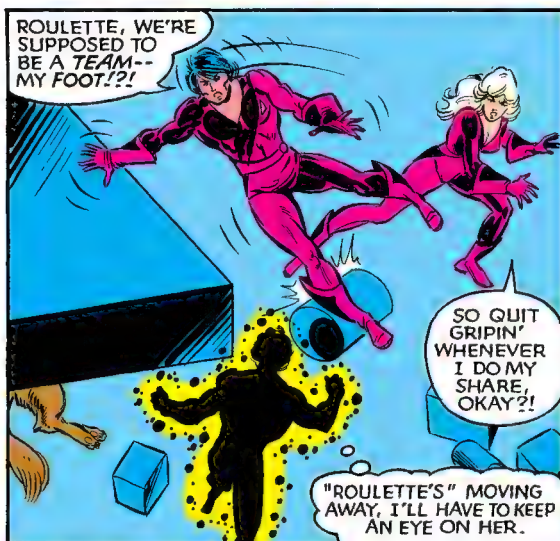
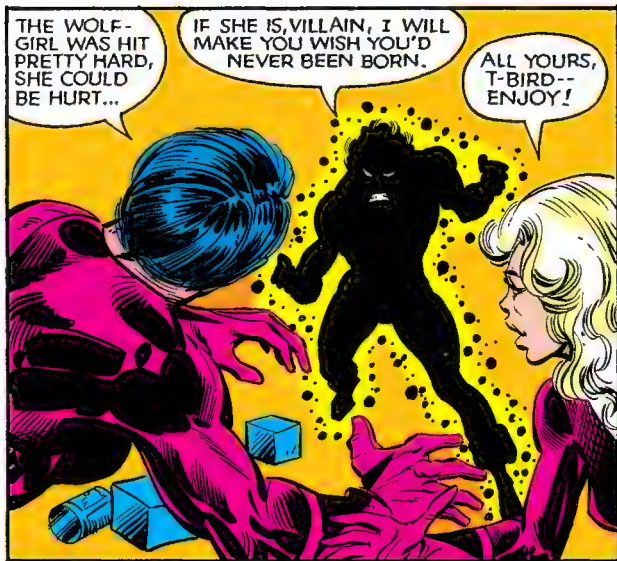
"TWO MUTANTS-- THE GIRL'S UNKNOWN. THE BOY'S IDENTITY IS CONFIRMED AS SAMUEL GUTHRIE-- CANNONBALL!"

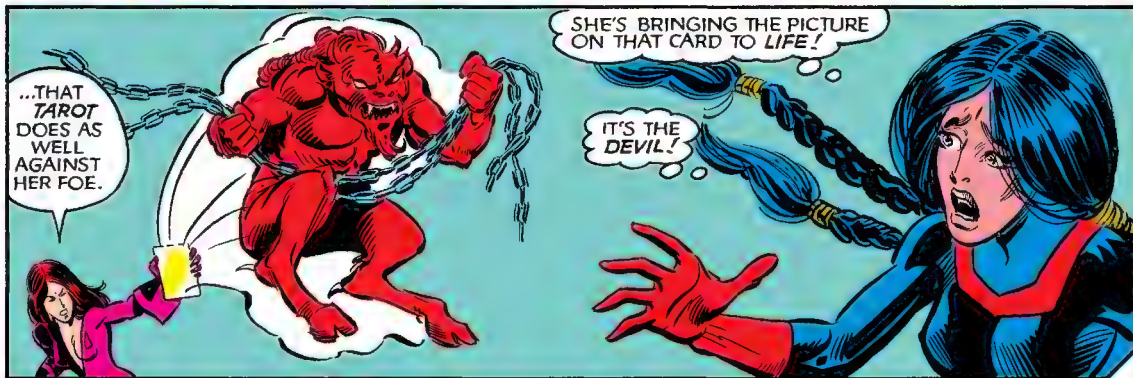
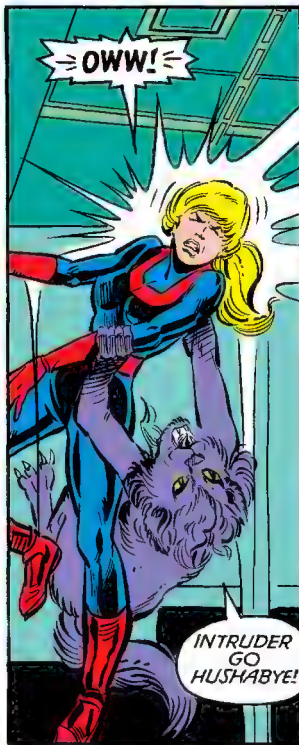
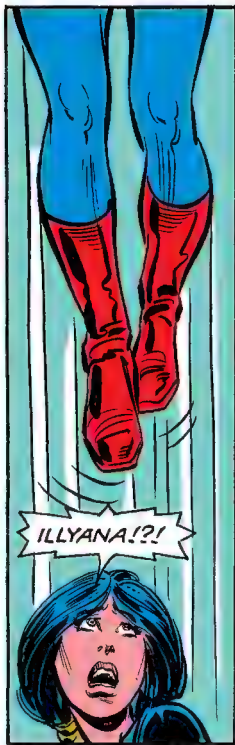
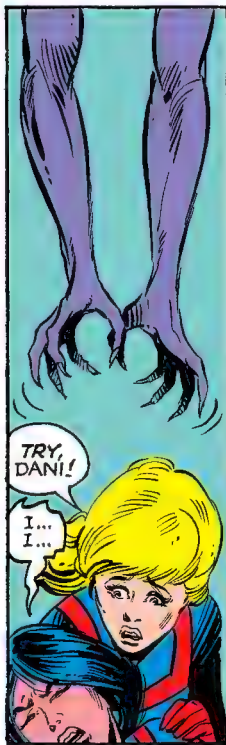
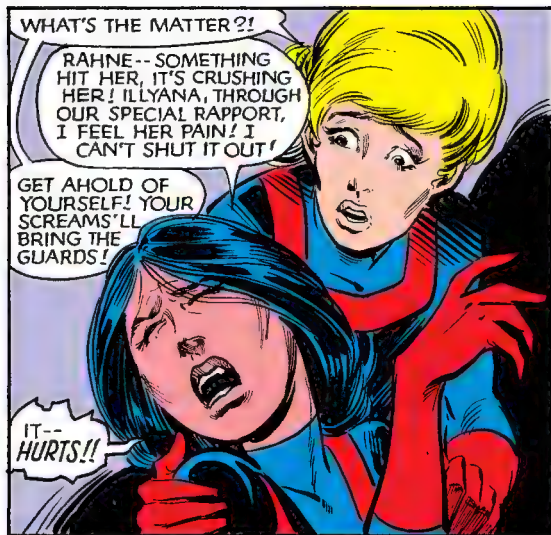
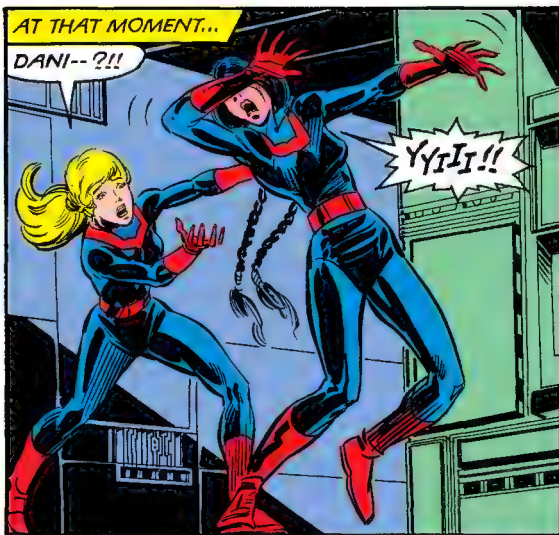
"THEY'RE ENTERING CREIGHTON HALL. I'M GOING AFTER THEM!"

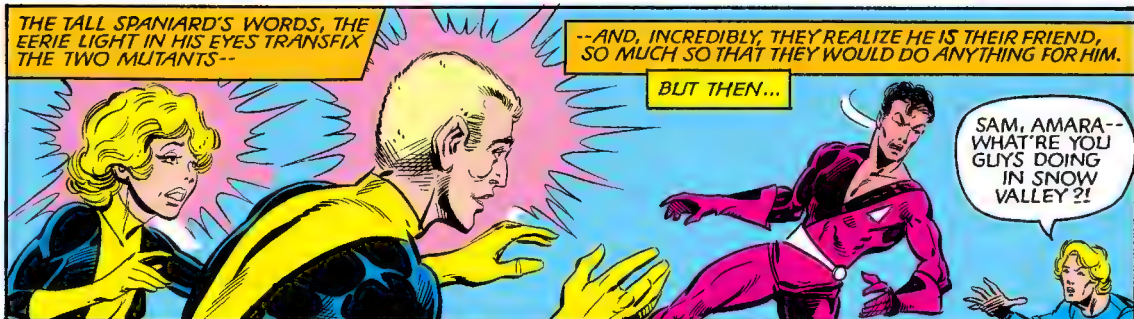
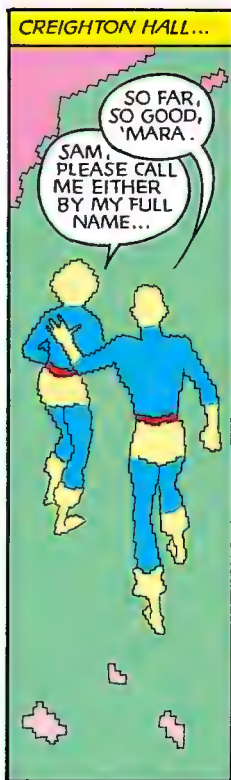


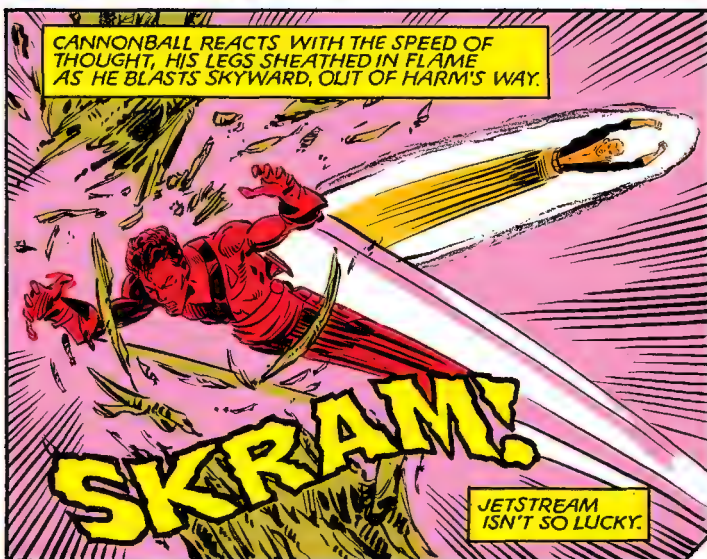
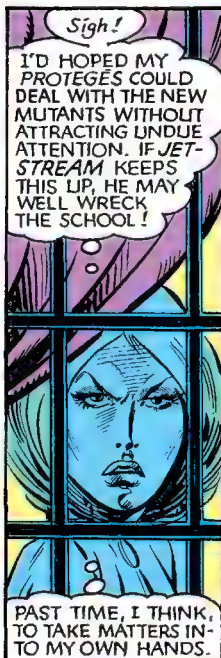
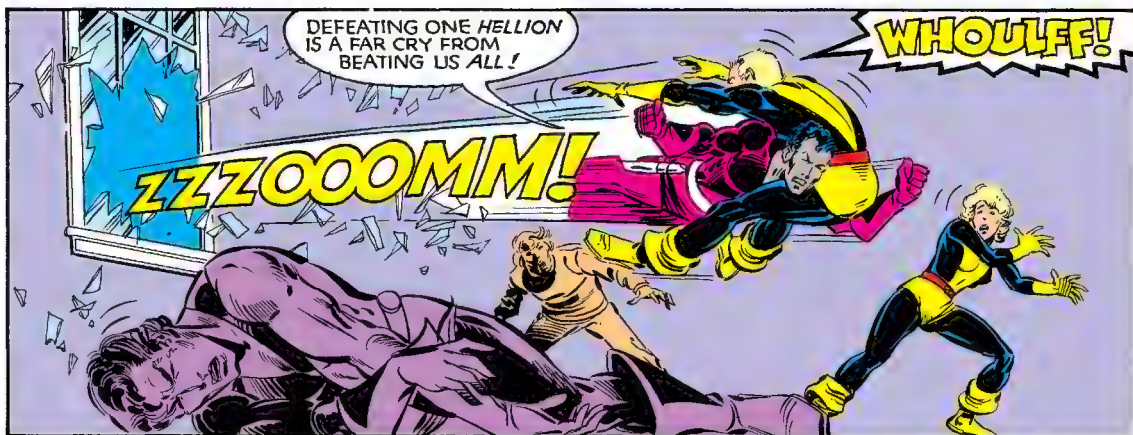


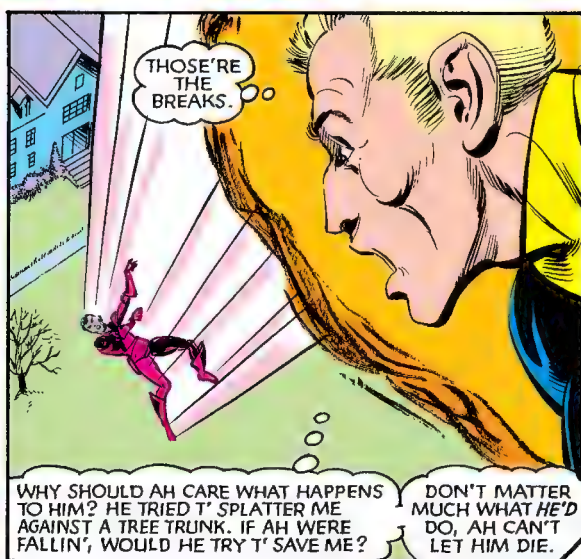
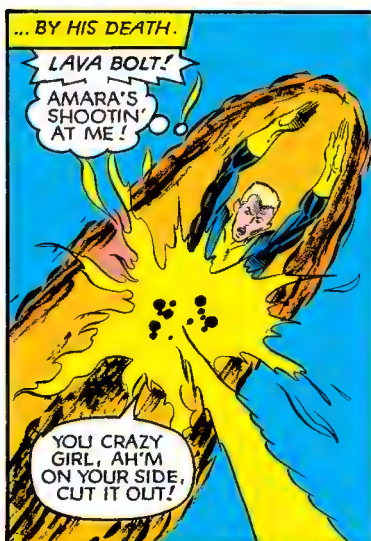
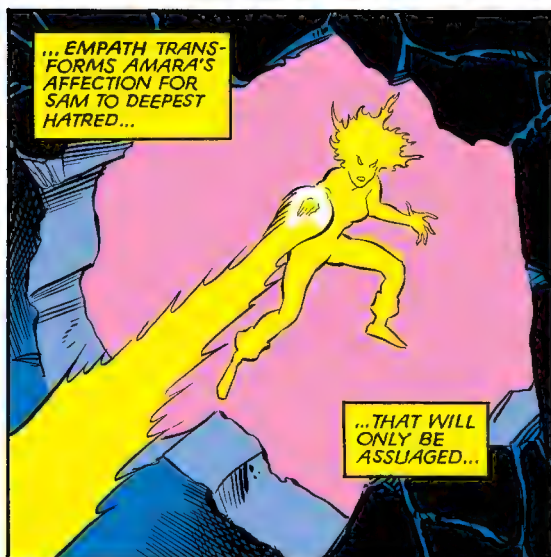






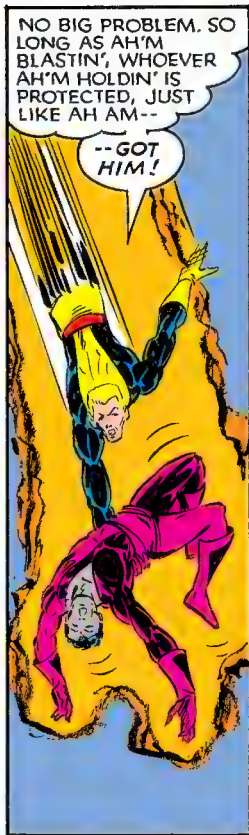








IT'S GONNA BE CLOSE! AH'M TOO NEAR THE GROUND-- GOIN' TOO FAST-- AH'LL NEVER BE ABLE T' PULL OUTTA THIS DIVE!



NO BIG PROBLEM. SO LONG AS AH'M BLASTIN', WHOEVER AH'M HOLDIN' IS PROTECTED, JUST LIKE AH AM--

--GOT HIM!



HE'S A KID, YOUNGER'N ME--

YAH! OW!



EXULTANT, EMPATH WATCHES CANNON-BALL TUMBLE TOWARDS THE EARTH.

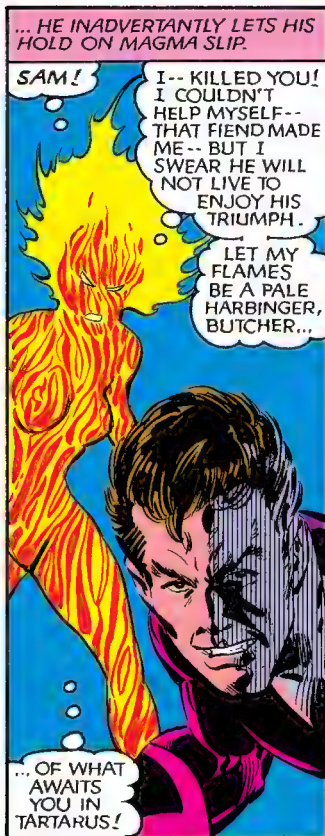
THAT HIS TEAMMATE AND SUPPOSED FRIEND--



-- IS ALSO PART OF THE CONFLAGRATION BOTHERS HIM NOT A BIT.

HE ENJOYS PLAYING WITH OTHER PEOPLE FAR TOO MUCH TO CARE ABOUT THEM.

BUT IN HIS EXCITEMENT...



... HE INADVERTANTLY LETS HIS HOLD ON MAGMA SLIP.

SAM!

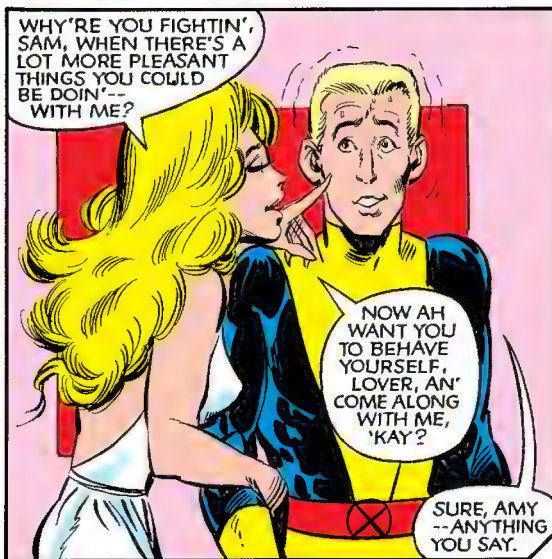
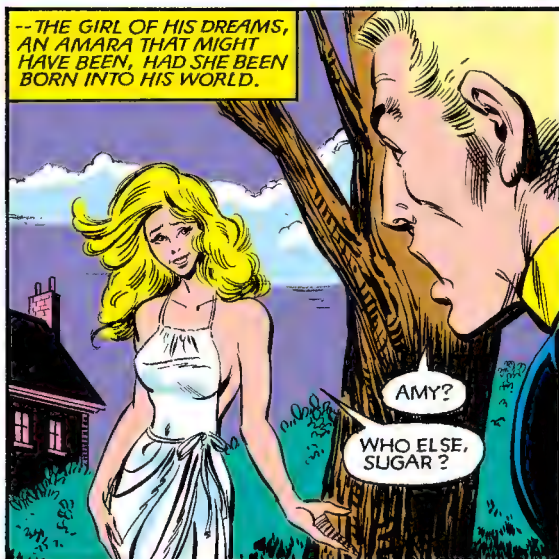
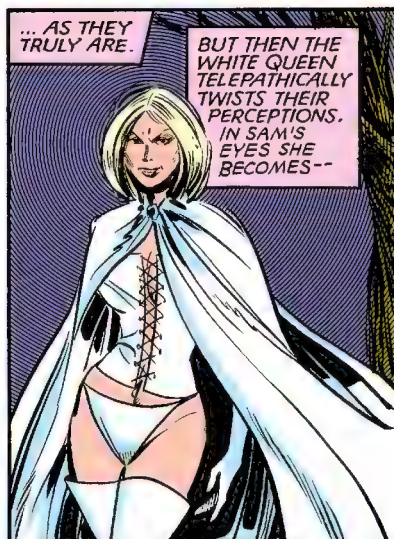
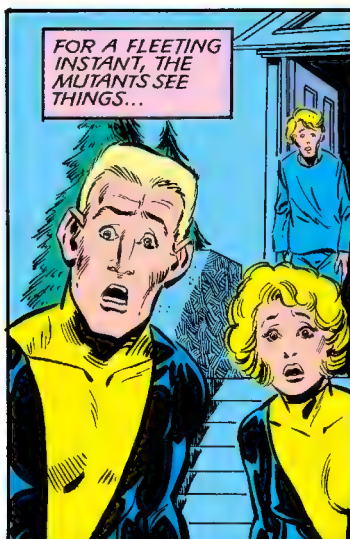
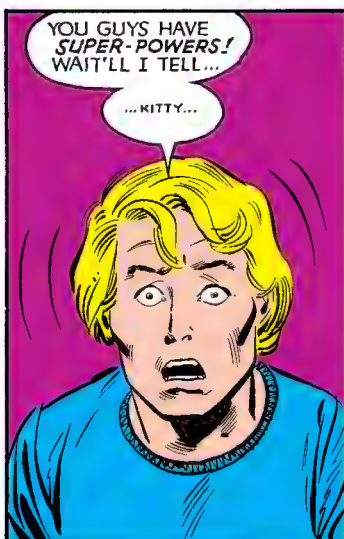
I-- KILLED YOU! I COULDN'T HELP MYSELF-- THAT FIEND MADE ME-- BUT I SWEAR HE WILL NOT LIVE TO ENJOY HIS TRIUMPH.

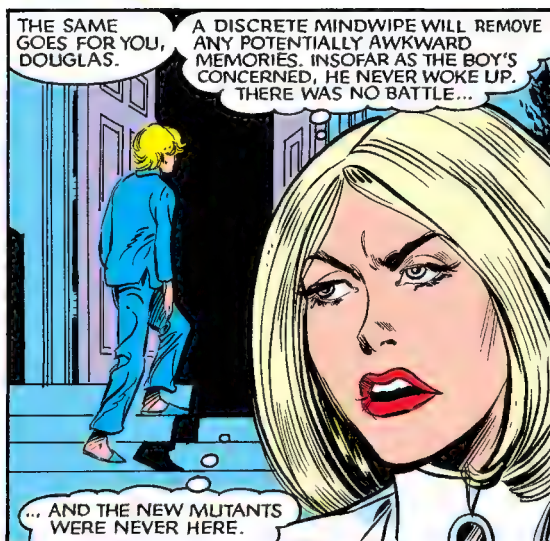
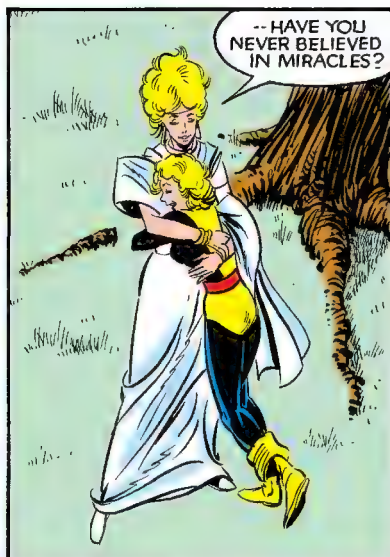
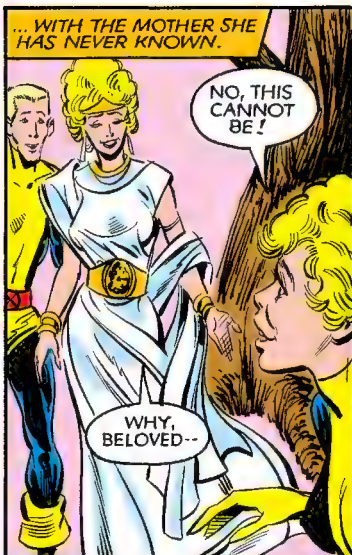
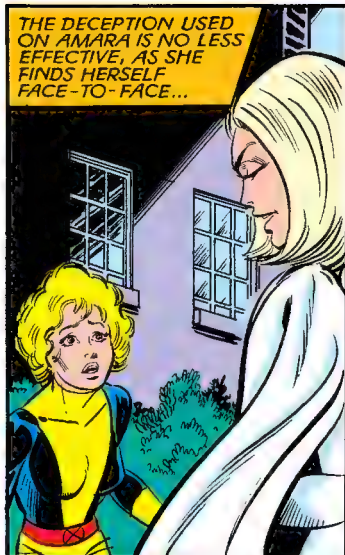
LET MY FLAMES BE A PALE HARBINGER, BUTCHER...

... OF WHAT AWAITS YOU IN TARTARUS!



S'PRISE, SUCKER!





Bullpen Bulletins

I GOT THIS LETTER...

a while back. It's from *Herb Trimpe* who's been a top Marvel artist since Tutankhamon wore diapers. High-flyin' Herb pilots his very own plane—a nifty-looking open-cockpit biplane—around the country in his spare time, by the way. Here's his letter...

Dear Jim,

I thought you might get a bang out of this. We went to the beach (Delaware shore) for vacation this summer. There's a nice little airport down there at a place called Rehoboth. As we've done the past two years, Linda takes the girls in the car and I fly Alex down in the plane. To make a real long story short(er), Alex and I ran afoul of some weather (not in the forecast), and got hemmed in by thunderstorms and low visibility along the Delaware River. There was no airport around where I could conveniently set down, so I chose the only possible out, with the rain coming down and the lightning flashing about, we landed in a farmer's soybean field. Just in time, too, as the wind and rain swept through the area. Lines went down, lights went out, branches were felled, the whole bit. Anyway, as we swung around into wind to get everything tied down, we were greeted by this local farmer and his family. Drenched, we were invited inside for dinner, and the rest is history. The whole thing was like something out of "The Great Waldo Pepper." Linda drove up to get us and the next day we drove back to fly the airplane out. If you ever got a spare half hour, I'll tell you about that one, too. Short fields and power lines, etc. Anyway, the upshot, the punch line, the payoff to this episode was that this family's name was *Marvel*. That's right, the farmer's name is *Ray Marvel*. Small world, ain't it?

Best to all,
Herb

AND NOW A WORD FROM

VIRGINIA... Virginia Romita, that is. Virginia is our Traffic Manager, responsible for keeping Marvel Comics on time—which she does amazingly well. It's not easy though, believe me. A few days ago, I heard her grumbling, snarling and cursing various Marvel editors' ancestors as she lugged her huge schedule book down the hall. "Virginia," I said, "you've got to vent this anger! Write it down! I'll print what you write on

the Bullpen Page for the world to see! It'll make you feel better... and save me some writing."

She agreed—and so, it gives me great pleasure to present:

Virginia Romita's Rostrum

Let me introduce myself. My name is Virginia Romita. I keep the schedules and traffic moving at Marvel Comics. I have a meeting with the editors and their assistants every week and chart the progress of their books. I don't expect much from them—just perfection. They don't miss the mark too often considering the problems they have to meet and solve. I like due dates on all books to be met and kept. They in turn try to meet them and keep the quality of the

HYPE BOX

ALIEN LEGION #1—We've been showing little hints and glimpses over the past few months, but now we're ready to unveil it at last—Marvel's latest groundbreaking comic! **CARL POTTS, ALAN ZELENETZ, FRANK CIROCCO, and TERRY AUSTIN** have pooled their mighty talents to produce the most offbeat series of the year, featuring a veritable army of the most bizarre, colorful, and intriguing alien creatures ever to grace a comic page. It's destined to be the talk of fandom—so pick it up, or you'll be left out of a lot of conversation!

GRAPHIC NOVEL #10—**RICK VEITCH** wrote and drew this daringly different science fiction adventure tale. Set on a far distant earth colony where people worship "The Sponsor," it stars a guy by the name of *Sunoco Firestone*. It's an outer space love story with commercial interruption! And if you want to find out just what that means, you'll have to pick up the novel, won't you?

books as well—no easy task I assure you. Consider all the obstacles. For example, one artist's cat fell out the window not once, but on three separate occasions forcing him to miss his due date each time. One writer had the misfortune of having a bird build its nest outside his bedroom window—the constant chirping kept him from sleeping, therefore unable to write—another due date missed. You'd be amazed how many portfolios are lost or stolen on the subway, how often lack of supplies, births human or animal, 24 hour nervous breakdowns, cause delays. I am. If we ran a contest on the most imaginative excuse given for missing a deadline, we'd be hard pressed picking a winner. Despite the never ending catastrophes, the editorial staff does a terrific

job. Or else! They put out great comics and (almost) always on time.

I can't close this article down without mentioning the JR's (John Romitas) in my life.

John Sr. who used to draw Spider-Man, was not one for being late—but at what price. Way back when I was waiting to be driven to the hospital on John Jr.'s impending birth, Sr. asked if he had enough time to finish up the comic page he was working on. I guess he never thought of making up some story for not turning it in. He should have consulted with his friend the late Bill Everett, creator of Submariner. Bill was a creative genius. Once, when he missed a deadline, he claimed that his pet hamster ate through 6 pages of finished penciled pages (and never got indigestion). Now, no one could have made that up—or could they? Obviously, his hamster did not approve of comics as an art form.

You know, I was so concerned about getting this thing started I forgot it was going to need an end. I feel like the actor with stage fright, but when he got on stage did not want to leave. The only way seems to be to tell you I've enjoyed talking to you.

Virginia

THIS JUST IN...

If you're a fan of computer adventure games, you'll be pleased to hear that Marvel Comics is teaming up with *Adventure International*, the leading computer games company, to do a series of games involving Marvel characters. Scott Adams, the famous game designer who heads up A.I., has had extensive meetings with myself, John Byrne and Bob Budiansky to make sure the games are true to the Marvel Universe. And if you're a fan of Marvel Comics, you'll also be pleased to hear that we'll be publishing comics based upon the games! Keep watching...

PRICE INCREASE?

No, not in the foreseeable future! Thanks to you people buying a lot of comics, we're able to hold the line! We appreciate your enthusiastic support, and in return, we're doing our best to keep prices where you want 'em—as low as possible!

Best,

Jim Shooter

Jim Shooter

CHECK LIST

- ☐ THE THING #12
- ☐ DAREDEVIL #207
- ☐ NEW MUTANTS #16
- ☐ KA-ZAR #32
- ☐ DR. STRANGE CLASSICS #4 — Representing more of the LEE / DITKO classics of sorcery, from *Strange Tales* #139-141.
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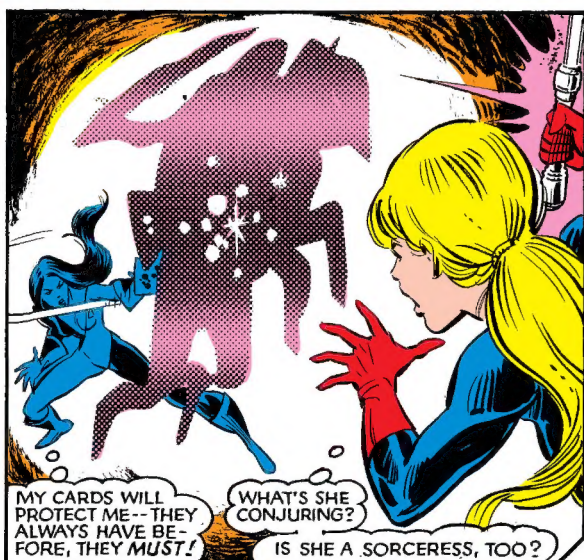
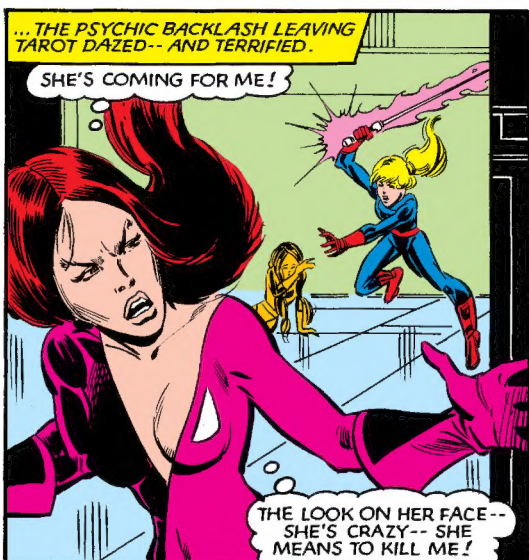
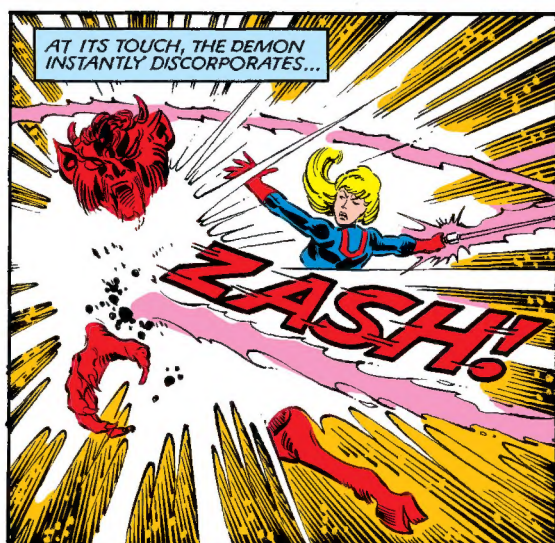
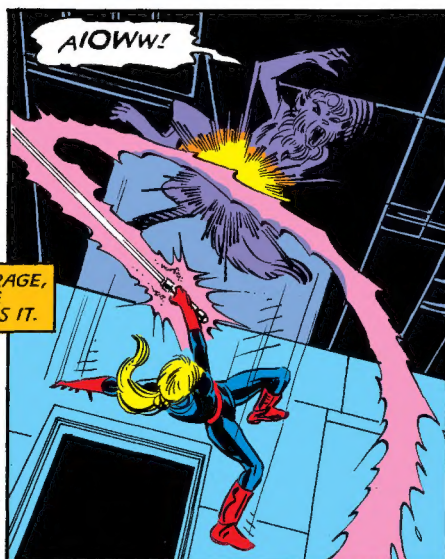
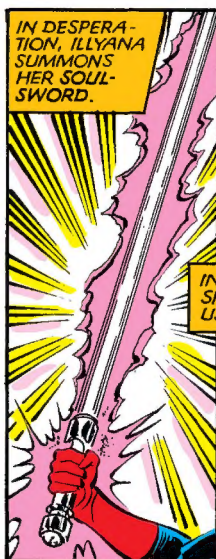
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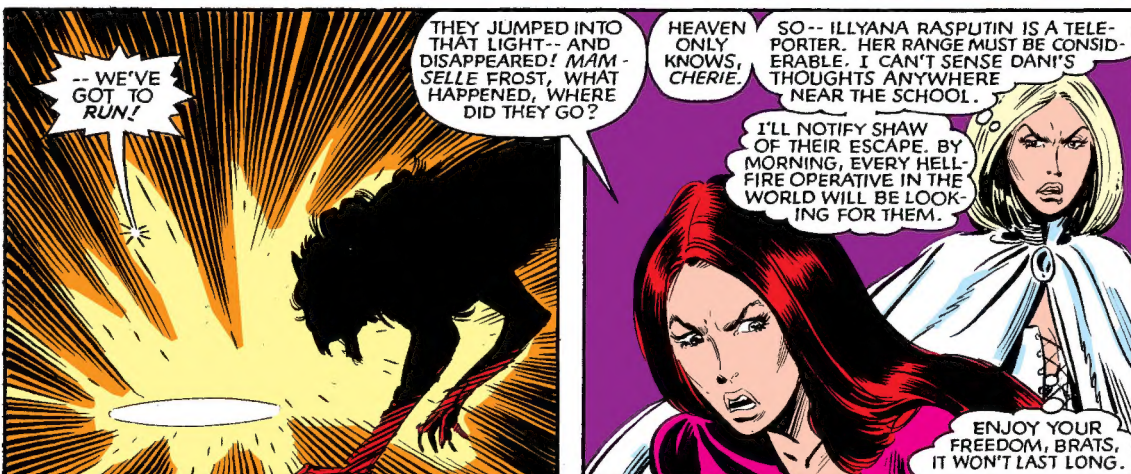
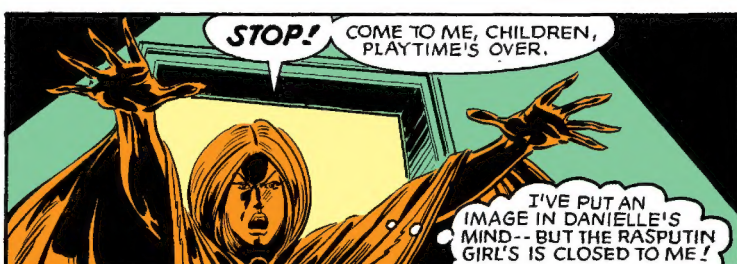
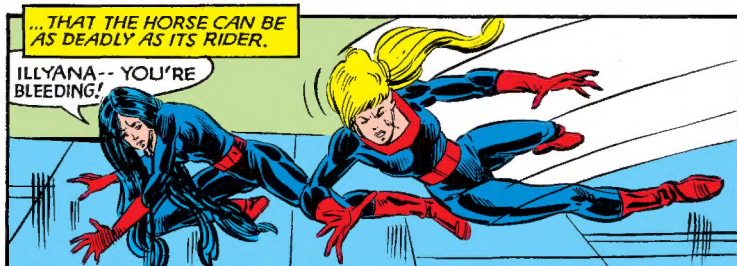
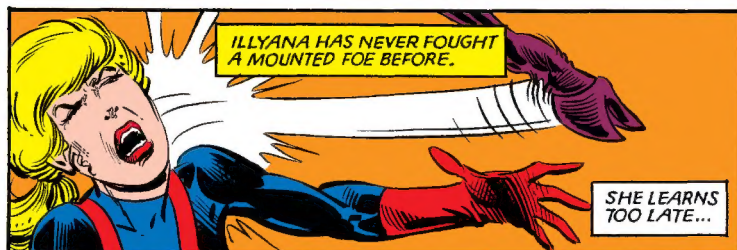
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